

WHAT TERRIBLE FATE AWAITS THE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER? WHO IS THE MURDEROUS SORE-LOSER WHO STALKS, WITH GLIMMERING KNIFE, TOWARDS THEIR BUNKS IN THE NIGHT? SEE INSIDE!





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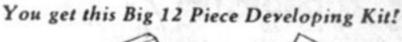
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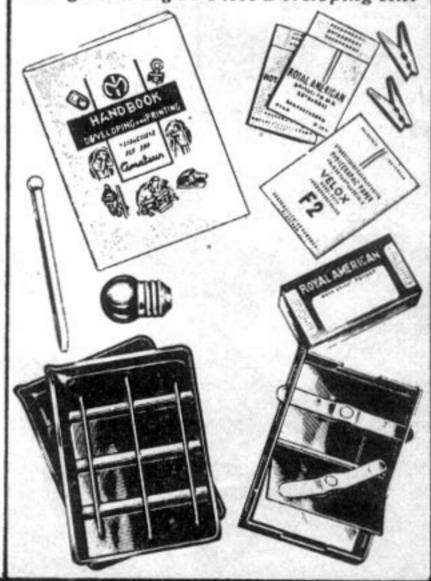
them time and money, just as it

12 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 metal trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of one dozen sheets of contact paper. 2 Universal M-Q, developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 GE dark-room light, 2 clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

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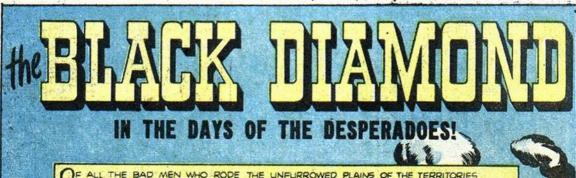




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OF ALL THE BAD MEN WHO RODE THE UNFURROWED PLAINS OF THE TERRITORIES
IN THE 1860'S, NONE STRUCK SUCH TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE AS
THAT BAND OF DESPERADOES WHO BURNED AND LOOTED A DOZEN TOWNS, LEAVING IN
THEIR WAKE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION... THE MARK OF REDBAN'S RAIDERS! THE BLACK
DIAMOND, A U.S. MARSHAL, MATCHES HIS WITS AND HIS MIGHT AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE
CODS: HIS CRY WORD IS, STOP REDBAN"!





















































GRAB YOUR GUNS!



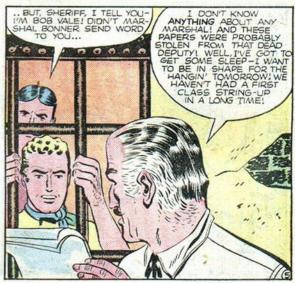
































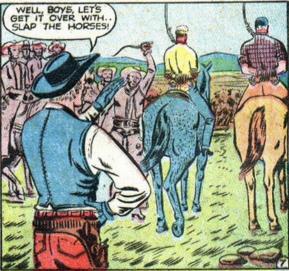




















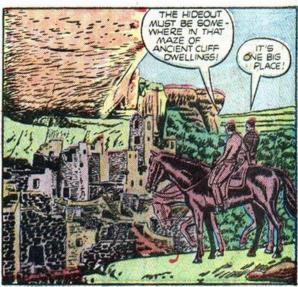


























































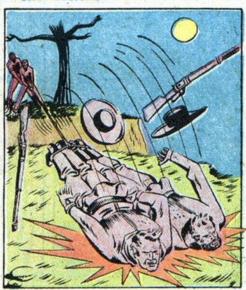


























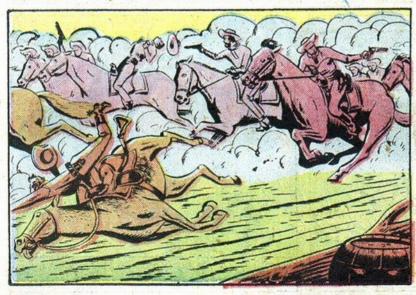
























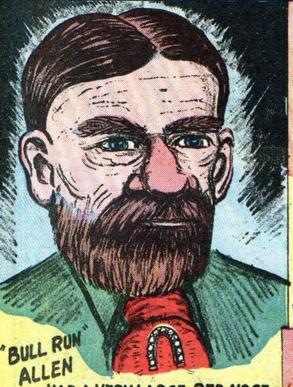








## SURE AS SHOOTING CLAUPE



HAD A VERY LARGE RED NOSE

ABOUT WHICH HE WAS VERY SENSITIVE!

HE CARRIED A SALT SHAKER FILLED WITH FLOUR
WHICH HE FREQUENTLY SHOOK ON HIS PROBOSCIS
TO MAKE IT LOOK LESS CONSPICUOUS.

C.H. MOORE

JOHN RINGOS WALKED INTO A SALOON
IN Galeville, Arizona and up to a poker game in which,
A FELLOW NAMED WEBB HAD JUST LAID DOWN
4 ACES TO WIN A LARGE POT — RINGOS SAID IF I
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT POKER, A 6-SHOOTER

HE POCKETED \$500
FROM THE TABLE AND
WALKED OUT-LATER HE
WAS CAUGHT AND JAILED!

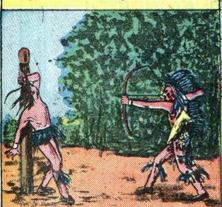


SPEAKING OF PRICES!

IN California, During
THE GOLD RUSH OF 1849,
EGGS SOLD FOR THE
FABULOUS PRICE OF
\$5000 A DOZEN!

A DECLARATION OF WAR BY AN INDIAN TRIBE WAS TO SEND A TOMAHAWK TO THE ENEMY, DIPPED IN RED PAINT....

WHEN THE FIGHT WAS OVER, THE PAINTED TOMAHAWK WAS BURIED TO SYMBOLIZE THE MAKING OF PEACE — HENCE "BURY THE HATCHET"



IT WAS A TRIBAL LAW OF THE INDIANS
THAT A MURDERER SHOULD BE KILLED
IN THE SAME MANNER IN WHICH HE
COMMITTED THE CRIME, BY THE VICTIM'S
NEAREST MALE RELATIVE...

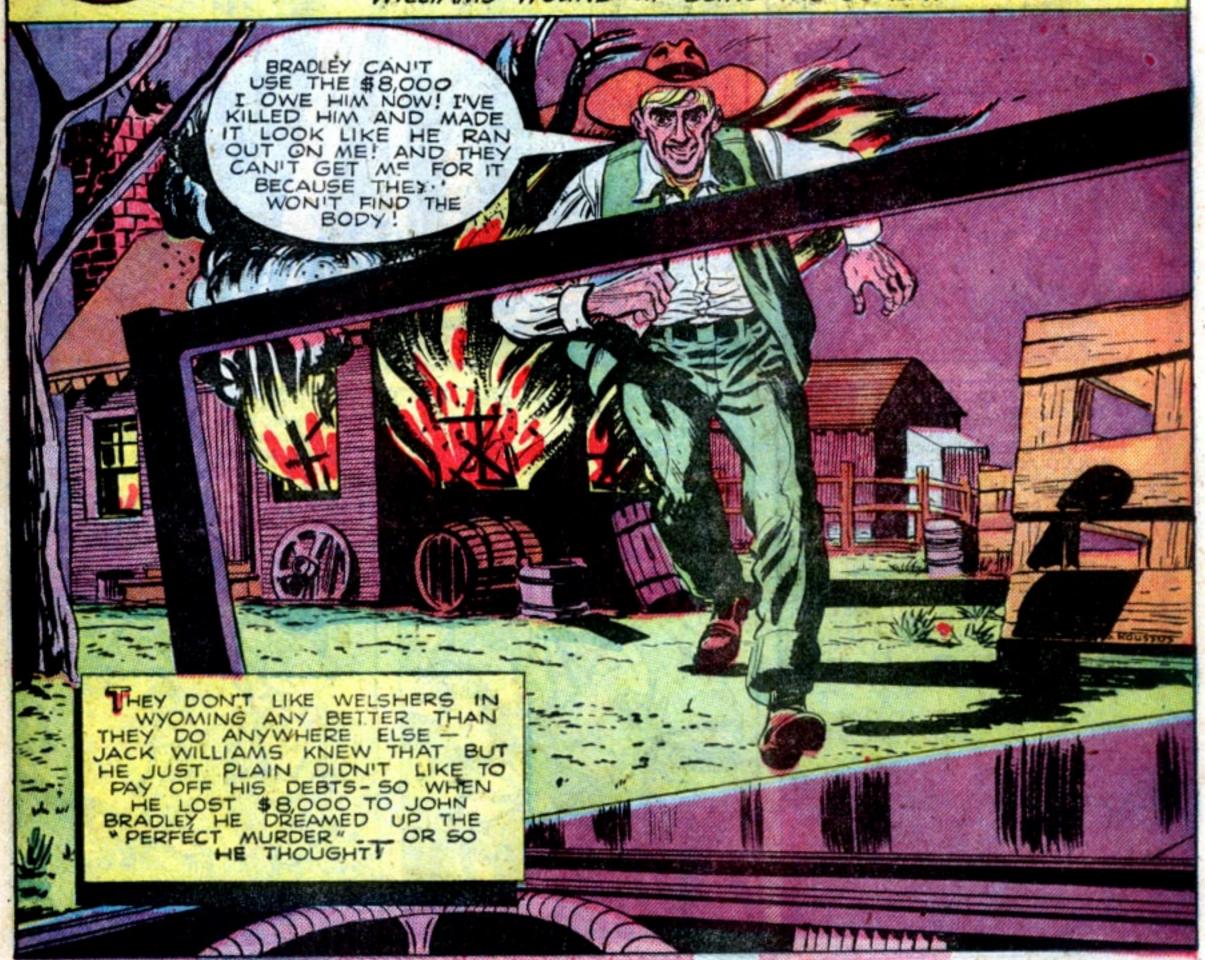


TWO MULES DISCOVERED ONE OF THE LARGEST AND RICHEST SILVER MINES IN AMIZONA - THEY BROKE AWAY AT NIGHT FROM PROSPECTOR HANK WILLIAM'S CAMP - WHILE LOOKING FOR THEM, HE FOUND THE GLEAMING METAL SCRAPED CLEAR OF DIRT BY THE DRAGGING HALTER CHAINS ON THE MULES...

TRUE WILD WEST STORY

# JACK WILLIAMS

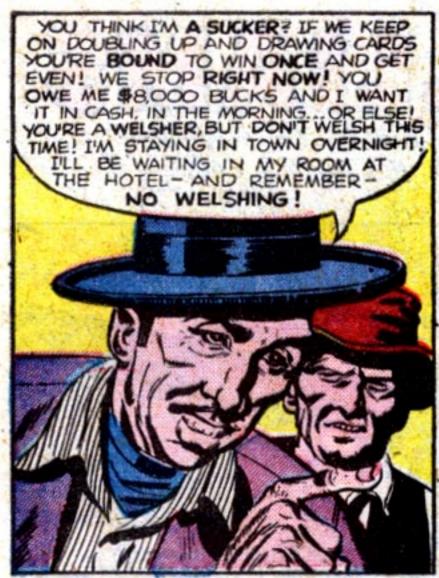
HE PAID OFF HIS GAMBLING DEBTS WITH A BLAST OF GUN-FIRE-BUT WHEN SHERIFF JAMES PLAYED HIS TRUMP CARD, WILLIAMS WOUND UP BEING THE JOKER!









































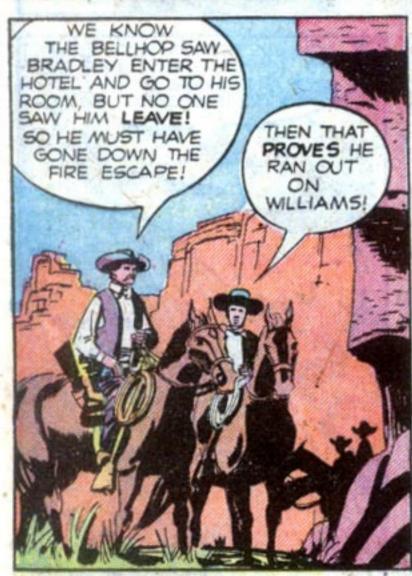




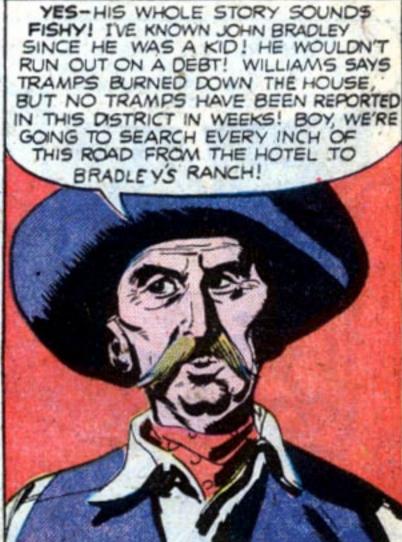




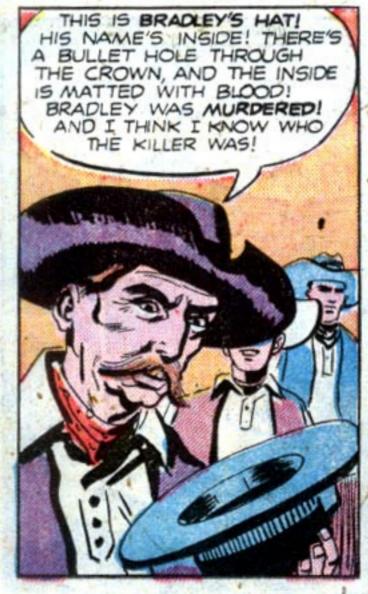








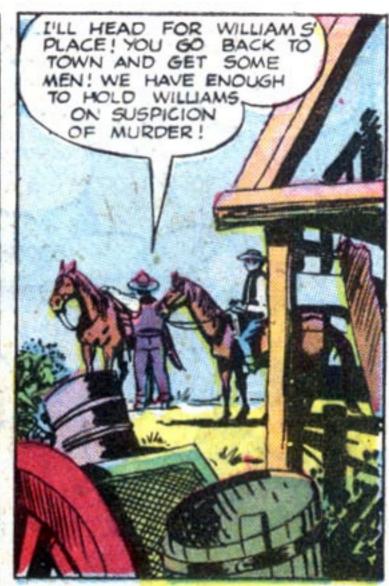














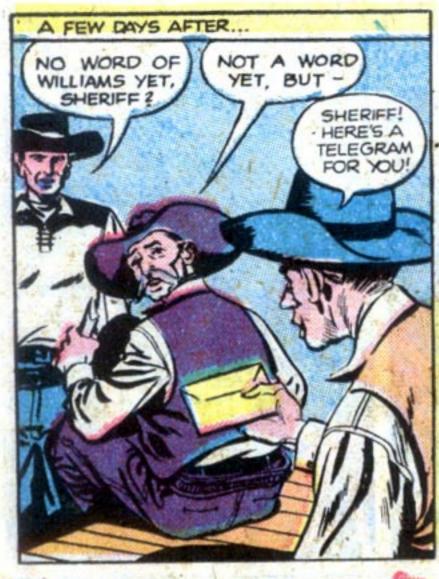
























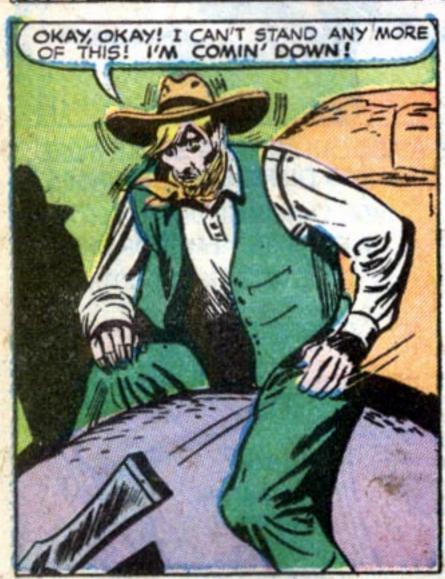






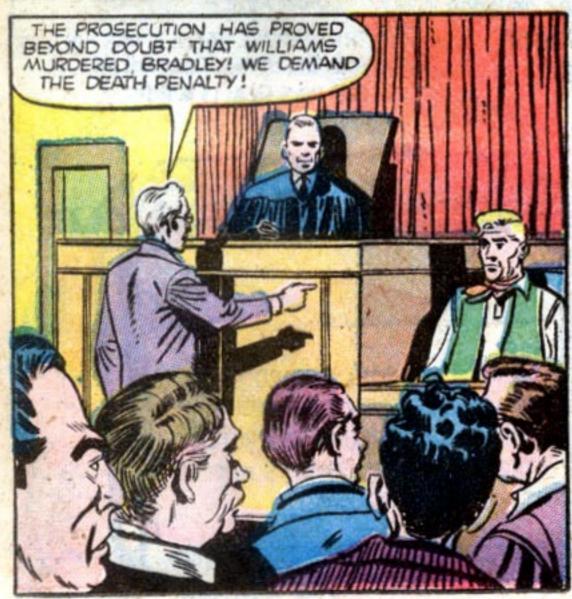




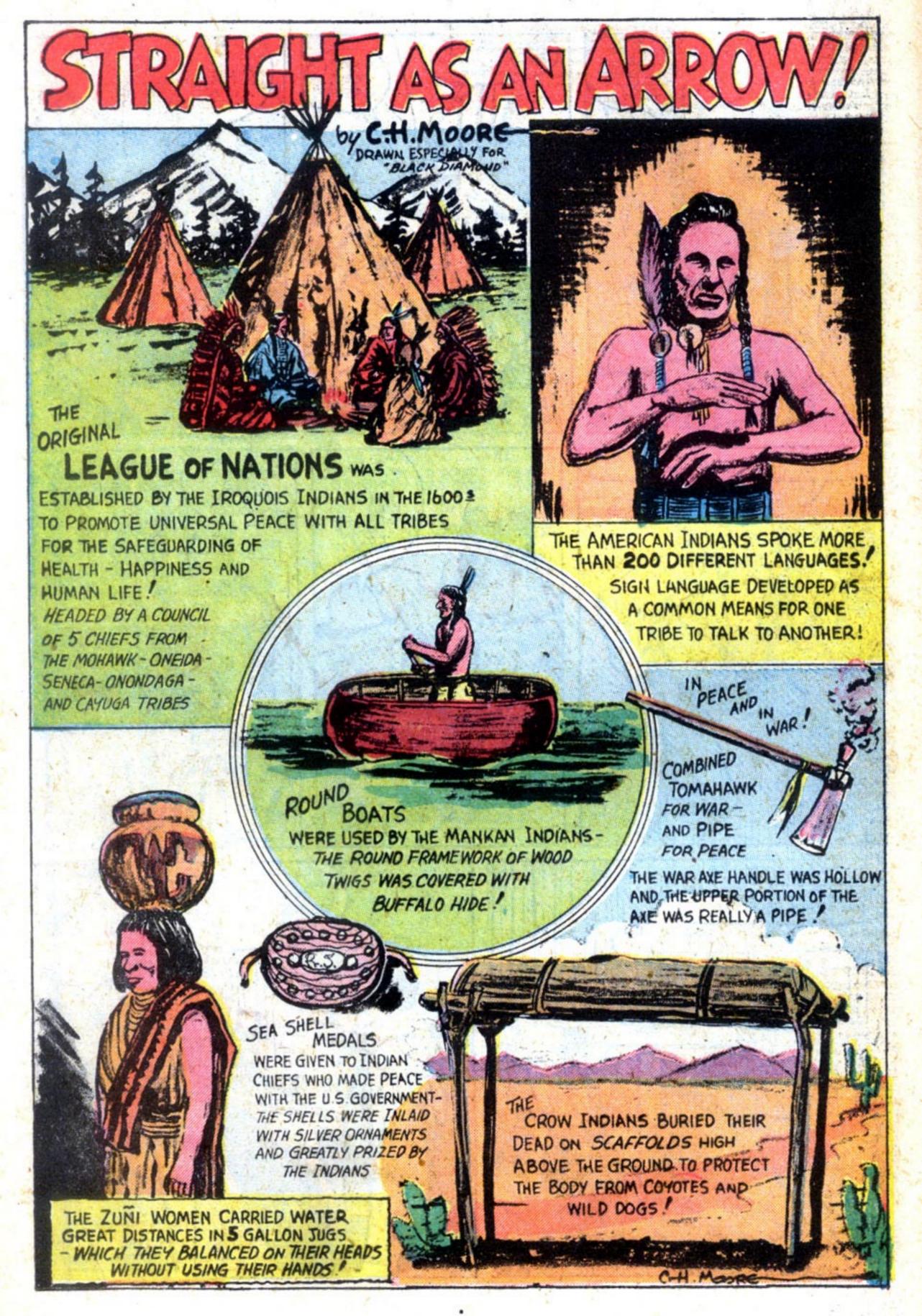


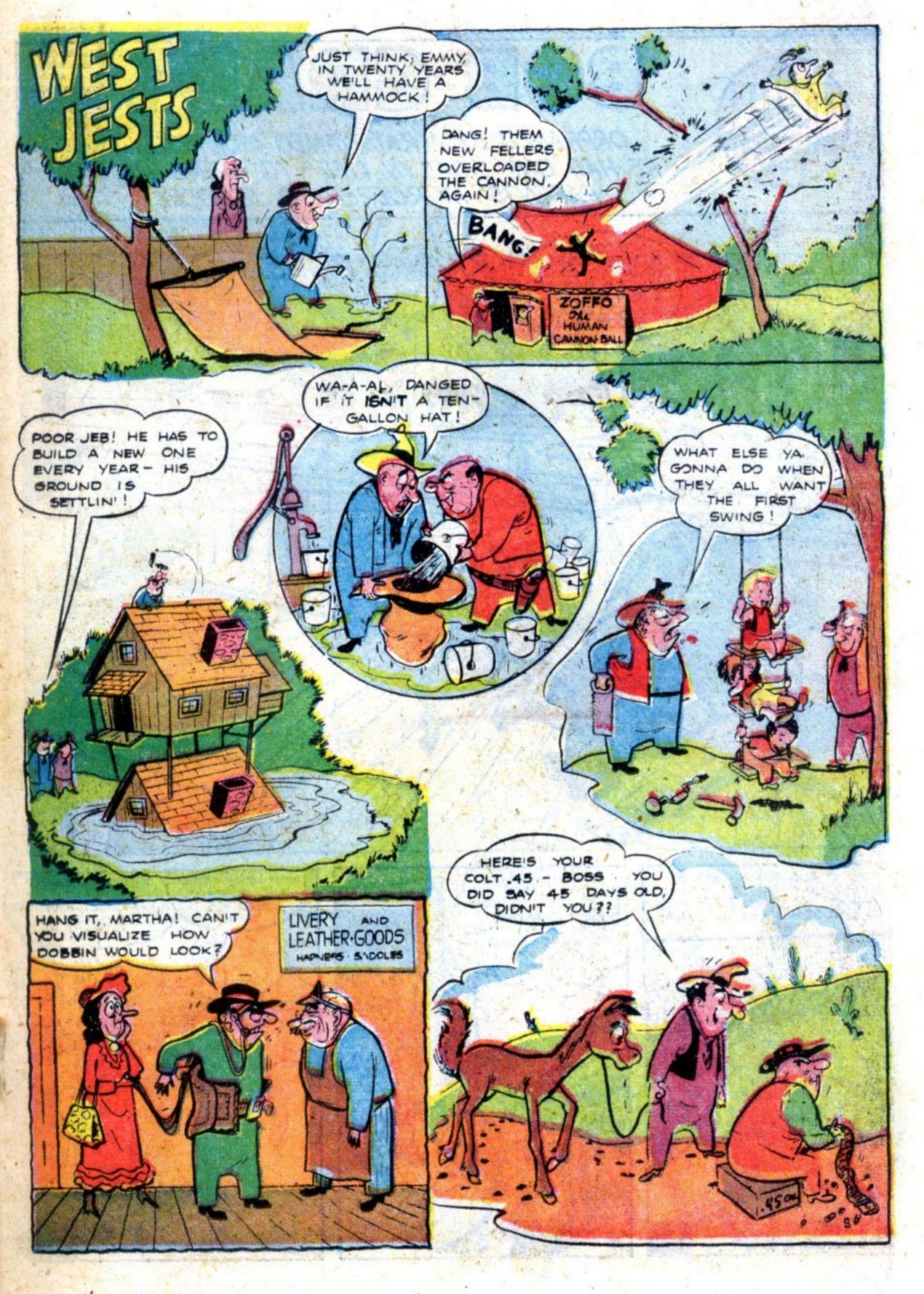














# BOB GRADY

ORPHANED BY A RAT NAMED MONTRELL, HE HAD ONE GOAL IN LIFE - TO BRING HIS PARENTS' MURDERER TO JUSTICE!





THIS IS THE SMOKY ATMOS-

PHERE OF THE SILVER DOLLAR

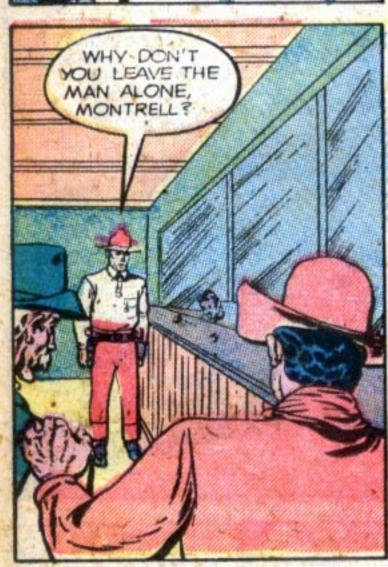












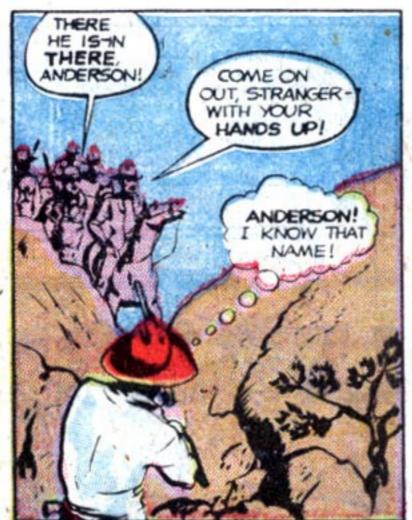






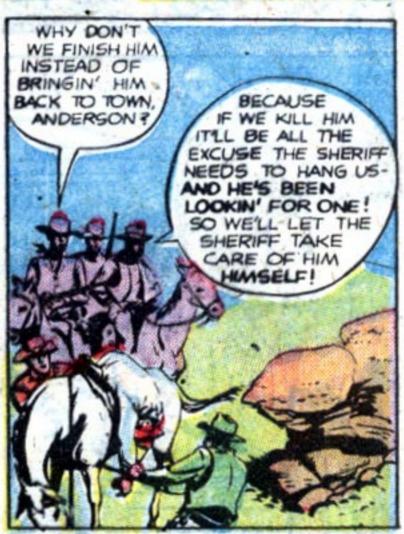


























I CAN'T BRING

HIM OUT





BETTER

BRING "IM

WE WANT THE

HOMBRE



I'VE GOT TO

GET SUSAN

OUT OF THERE













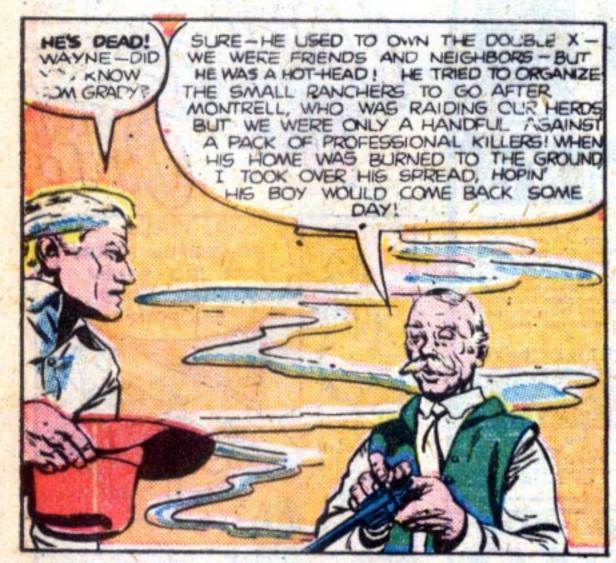


























# 4 Sidney M. Elias . DID

OFFEE to most of us is a drink taken with our food at meal times, but, to many people especially the Brazilians, it is their life's work, their livelihood, and their countries most important product. In appreciation of what coffee means to them, the Brazilian Government issued a special postage WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF stamp in 1938, showing two bags of Brazilian coffee and a branch from Africa, South America, Free French, Somali, Palestone, etc. Includes already, commemoratives and atampe of the coffee tree with ripe, red worth up to 50c. This offer sent for 10c to Approval Applicants only—one to a customer.

AMMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 100 Jamestewn, N. V.

Although Brazil produces twothirds of the world's supply of coffee, approximately two billion



#### **Brazilian Coffee Stamp**

pounds annually, many other nations located in Central and South America also produce millions of pounds annually. Colombia, with 325 million pounds per year is the second largest producer of coffee. The Colombians have for a number of years issued regular postage and air mail stamps featuring coffee cultivation, coffee picking and coffee berries. In addition to these countries, Salvador, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Liberia, and others have printed postage stamps honoring soffee.

The history of coffee dates back to the 15th Century when it was used by the Mohammedans in Mocha, Arabia, first as a means to keep them awake in their prayers and then as a beverage. It is believed that the Arabs brought ries which they found growing wild in Abbyssinia. (Here's where you get the name Mocha Coffee.) In the 17th Century the Dutch brought coffee plants to Batavia, Java (Java Coffee), and in the 18th Century others brought plants to the West Indies and Central and South America. Coffee drinking was not introduced into Europe until 1551, when some travelers to Egypt and Turkey brought coffee berries back home

with them.

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OCEANIE, CAMEROUN. Malta, Cyprus, etc. to Approval Buyers.

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becoming customers. Send 3r Postage for particular BIG LISTS PIUS BARGAIN APPROVALS. Pladon Stamp Co., 1717 Gldaho St., Toledo 5, 0

GIGANTIC CANADIAN BARGAIN

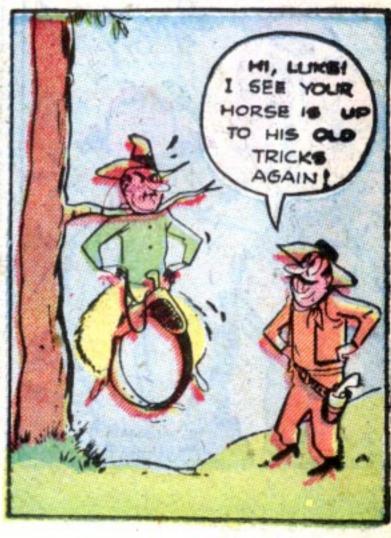
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## BLAZING HOUSES AND POISONED CATTLE SET JOHN GELLER ON A STRANGE TRAIL TO BRING A SALOON RENEGADE TO JUSTICE!

SHERIFF Jim Wisler Sturned back from the window to face his nephew. "So you're thinking of settling down in these parts, John," he said. He shook his head. "I sure wish you'd written before you came."

John Geller said, "But then I couldn't have surprised you, Uncle Jim. Anyway, what's wrong?"

"A certain Bart Millins and everything's wrong with him," replied the sheriff.

"What is he - rustler, murderer, stage coach robber?" asked John.

"I wish he were a rustler or stage coach robber," the sheriff sighed. "Then I'd know how to deal with him. I'm pretty sure he's a murderer... but I can't prove it. Anyway, he's got the whole region terrorized!"

"How? What does he do?"

"All I know is, he owns a saloon ... the Silver Eagle. And if business isn't good, things happen. If someone doesn't show up at his place for a week, something always happens to him—his house burns down, his cattle die, at the very least the bank forecloses the mortgage. Millins—is presi-

dent of the board of directors."

"Can't he be stopped?"
asked John.

"How? It's legal to foreclose a mortgage. We could stop him from burning buildings and poisoning cattle—if we could catch him doing it," the sheriff answered.



"Then how do you know it's all his fault?"

"You can know something and still not be able to prove it in a court of law, can't you?" Wisler demanded.

"Maybe I can help," his nephew suggested.

"You keep out of this," the sheriff said hastily. "I'm not going to be responsible to your ma if something happens to you. And speaking of her.

"I think I'll go for a walk, Uncle Jim," John said suddenly.

Before the sheriff could protest, Geller was on the street. A few yards away, he pushed his hat on to the back of his head, stuck an unlit cigarette in the corner of his mouth, put his hands in his pockets, and strolled down Main Street with a bored look on his face.

Sauntering into the Silver Eagle, he looked it over critically, sneered, ordered a double whiskey, tossed it down, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and ordered another.

Three men had been watching him from a table. The tallest of them came over to the bar.

"I'm Bart Millins. I own this place," he said. "Have a drink on the house."

"Thanks, pardner. The name's John Geller. I'm the sheriff's nephew."

"Visiting in these parts?"
Millins asked.

"Nope. I'm planning on sticking around . . . if things work out right."

"Thinkin' of buying a ranch?" Millins went on.

"That's part of it," John

agreed. "But I don't want to rush into anything, so I'd like a job while I'm makin' up my mind. Maybe you could help me, Millins," he added.

"Maybe I could," Millins said, looking him over. "But maybe your uncle wouldn't like it if I did."

"That's no skin off my back," Geller said, shrugging. "As a matter of fact, the sheriff ain't much pleased with most of the things I do. Only he won't do anything about it, because, d'ya know, he's just terrified of my ma!"

Geller slapped his knee and roared with laughter. "It's the funniest thing you ever saw," he went on when he had recovered, "the way she's got him frightened!"

"All right, fella," Millins decided with a grin. "I'll take you on. You just stick around here and be useful—like not lettin' customers get too rough. If that works out, we'll see what else you can do!"

John Geller spent two weeks keeping the customers in line before Mullins decided he trusted him enough to use him on a job.

Some of his boys kicked, though.

"How do you know you can trust him, boss?" Bill Martin asked. "I don't get it anyway, this business of hiring the sheriff's nephew to work for us."

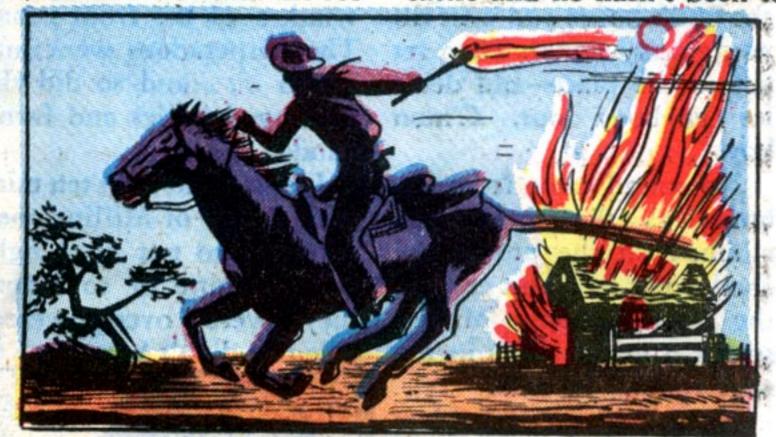
"You're not very smart, that's why you don't get it." Millins snapped. "The sheriff's nephew's gonna protect us against the sheriff! You boys haven't been caught doin' anythin' you shouldn't — But if you ever are, I

have a hunch it'll do a lot of good to have Geller around when it happens. He wasn't kiddin' when he said the sheriff wouldn't stop him, no matter what he did. Anyway, I'm going to try him out on a small job to begin with."

A farmer named Haskins had annoyed Millins, who said he was due for a warning. The warning consisted of burning down his barn.

As his first job, Geller took part in the burning, which went down in the recGeller, along with the rest, knew why Millins hated Rackson. Rackson's daughter, Belle, was the prettiest girl and one of the richest heiresses in the county. To Mullins' surprise, if to no one else's, Rackson had first laughed, then threatened to shoot Millins when the latter announced that he intended to marry the girl. Belle had just laughed.

"Rackson's got a lot of money in the house," Millins said. "He sold most of his cattle and he hasn't been to



ords, along with hundreds of others, as of "unknown origin."

A week later he went with three others to poison another farmer's feed. The next victim was a storekeeper whose goods were smashed and whose window was broken. Millins did not go along on any of these raids.

Geller had been working at the Silver Eagle for a little over a month when Millins called his whole gang together and outlined his latest plan.

"We're goin' after Slim Rackson, boys," he announced. "I've been intendin' to get him for a long time and tonight's the night." the bank yet. Also, I hear he bought Belle some diamonds for her birthday. We're goin' after the stuff. I'm comin' along. We're gonna burn the place down — with Rackson and his daughter inside!"

At two o'clock the next morning sixteen men rode across rolling land to the Rackson house, which lay in a hollow and was invisible to its nearest neighbors, who were more than a mile away. The riders stopped on top of the hill, tethered their horses to trees and stumps, and moved quietly down omittee sleeping house.

"This is gonna beina cinch," Millins gloated.
"Geller and Martin'll come in with me to get the safe.



Six of you guys go over to the bunk-house and wait till you get my signal. Then set fire to the place—and don't let anybody out. C'mon boys."

No sound came from the house as the three men climbed on the porch, opened a window and entered the front room. Millins struck, a match. "It's in the next room," he said.

He looked around, blew out the match and moved on. Inside, he said, "It's over here, boys," and led them to the farthest corner. "Now, pick it up, and...."

"Sure, Millins," Geller said in a loud voice.

"What the . . ." Millins began. His next words were choked off as a hand was clapped across his mouth.

"I've got the other one, John," a new voice said.

"Thank goodness," Geller said. "I knew you'd be here, but . . ."

"Never mind that now," said Sheriff Wisler. "Let's tie these two up and get the others."

Three minutes later John

waved a torch through the window of the front room. The desperadoes went into action . . . and so did the waiting deputies and farmhands.

It was all over in ten minutes. A few of Millins' men managed to put up a fight for a minute or so before they were over-powered. The rest didn't have time to



before the lawmen swarmed down on them. At two-thirty Sheriff Wisler and his nephew looked down on a floor completely covered with securely trussed bandits.

"Well, John," the sheriff said, "I guess we'll have some peace around here for awhile. Those guys you've been raidin' will be glad to get back to business. They sure are grateful to you for warning them to get their valuables out before Millins' boys swooped down on them."

"I'm awfully glad Millins fell for that story Rackson spread about all his money and jewels," said John. "I thought he'd never come with us and I sure was gesting tired of all those raids."

"I never thought I'd see the day when Bart Millins walked right into my waising arms," the sheriff grinned, looking down at the saloon-owner. "You sure did a swell job, son. That reminds me, here's your badge. You may as well wear it now. You can't pull this trick again anyhow."

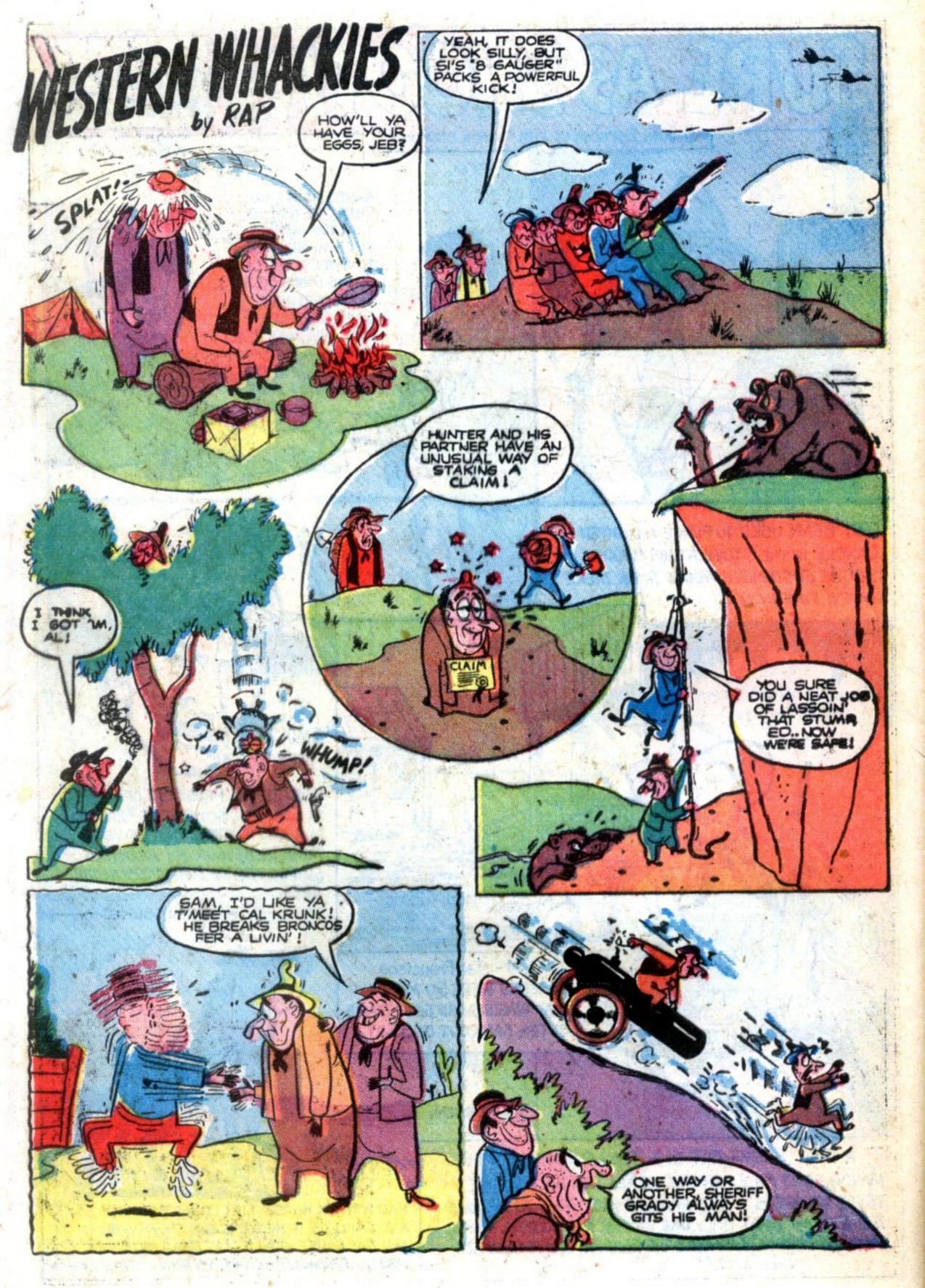
"I gotta laugh," Geller said, "when I think of Millins fallin' for that business about my bein' able to get away with anything because you're too afraid of ma to stop me."

"Uhh . . . let's not talk about that, son," Sheriff Wisler said uncomfortably.

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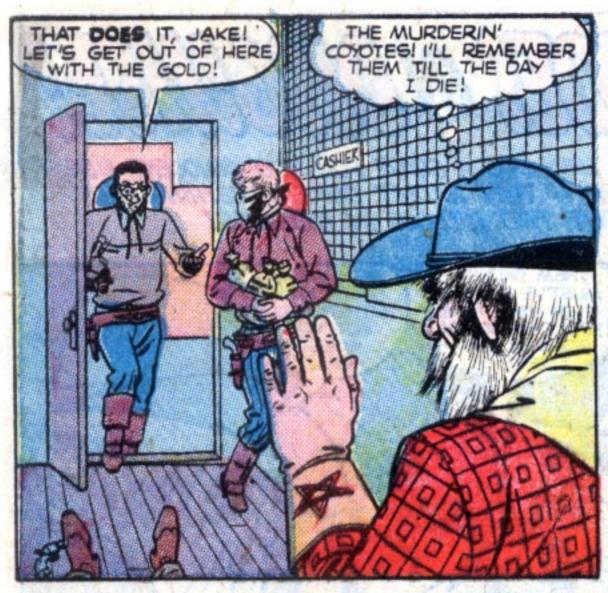
A CHANGE OF CLOTHING WOULD HAVE DUG A GRAVE FOR TWO INNOCENT MEN, SAM GAGE AND JOE TOLLIVER, IF THEY HADN'T DONE SOMETHING FAST AND DESPERATE ABOUT TWO KILLERS IN DISGUISE!







































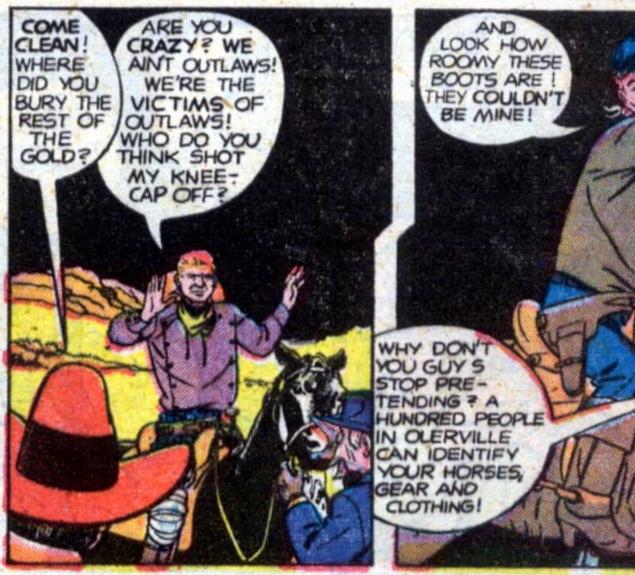








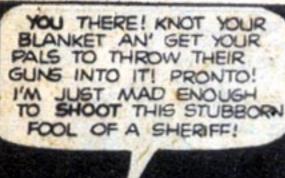








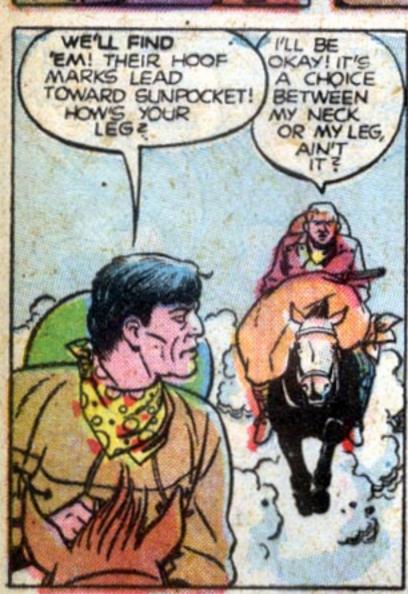




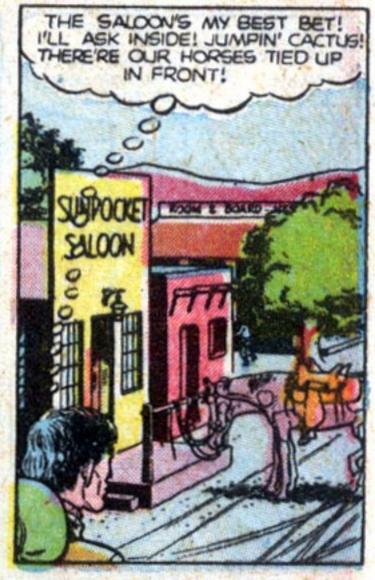
































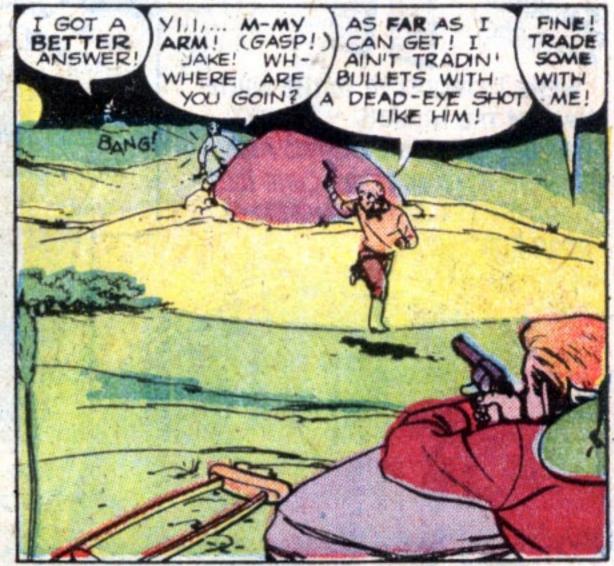


















## STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW



WERE INTRODUCED TO THE WHITE MAN BY THE INDIANS - TOBACCO WAS SACRED TO THE INDIANS AND THEY BELIEVED IT WOULD CURE ILLS -WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS AND BRING GOOD FORTUNE!

DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR "BLACK DIAMOND" UNDERGROUND TEMPLES

WERE BUILT IN GEORGIA IN 1400 A.D.! THEY WERE HOLLOWED OUT OF RED CLAY AND COULD ACCOMMODATE 50 BRAVES THEY WERE MEETING PLACES OF THE MACON TRIBE FOR WORSHIP AND COUNCIL!



THE POWHATAN INDIANS FOUND IT SO HARD TO KINDLE A FIRE THAT THEY CARRIED THEIR FIRES WITH THEM-EVEN IN THEIR WOODEN CANOES!



IS AN INDIAN INVENTION



AS MONEY!

OF MISSISSIPPI

HAD THEIR HEADS TIGHTLY BOUND WHEN BABIES TO ACHIEVE THE ELONGATED HEAD A SYMBOL OF BEAUTY AND GOOD LUCK!







